

**MARVEL®**  
11th Nov 89

# THE REAL

**Nº74 40p**

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# GH0STBUSTERS™

**FANTASTIC  
REAL  
GH0STBUSTERS™  
TOYS TO  
BE WON**



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**W**atch out everybody... he's big, he's dangerous and even worse, he's very fluffy indeed! Yes, you guessed it - Mr Stay-Puft, the Marshmallow Man is back! Not only is he back, but he's intent upon committing an outrage down in the sewers. Whatever next? Anyway, you can find out what happens in this week's text story, **Kicking up a stink!**

Then we have a story which you will really have to brave yourself for in the sinister shape of **Totem-pole Terror!** Not even a **Real Ghostbuster's** scalp is safe these days, so watch out for those tomahawks! Then we have not one, not two, but three more stories in the fiendish form of **Rest in Pieces!**, **These Spooks are made for Walking!** and **The Hole Story!**

Don't say we never tickle your ectoplasmic taste-buds either, because this week we have another **COMPETITION**, in which you can win some tantalizingly terrifying **TOYS!** So get reading!

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# THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER  
VENKMAN



EGON  
SPENGLER



RAY  
STANTZ



WINSTON  
ZEDDMORE



JANINE  
MELNITZ



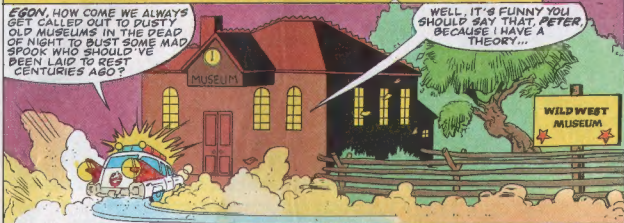
SLIMER

# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

## TOTEM POLE TERROR!

EGON, HOW COME WE ALWAYS GET CALLED OUT TO DUSTY OLD MUSEUMS IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT TO BUST SOME MAD SPOOK WHO SHOULD'VE BEEN LAID TO REST CENTURIES AGO?

WELL, IT'S FUNNY YOU SHOULD SAY THAT, PETER, BECAUSE I HAVE A THEORY...



...IT'S ALL TO DO WITH THE PSYCHO-KINETIC, SUB-GENERATION OF PARTICLES FOUND IN THE COLLECTIVE MEMORY OF ARTIFACTS FROM PAST TIME ZONES!

WHY'D I ASK?

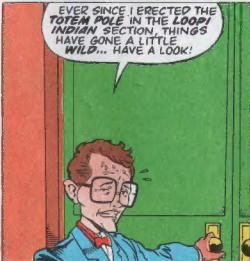


WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE PROBLEM, MR. DUSTSHEET?

IT'S THE WILD WEST EXHIBITION WHICH IS DUE TO OPEN ON MONDAY. FOLLOW ME.

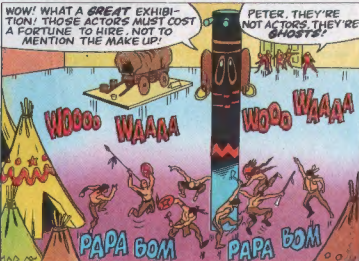


EVER SINCE I ERECTED THE TOTEM POLE IN THE LOOP! INDIAN SECTION, THINGS HAVE GONE A LITTLE WILD... HAVE A LOOK!



WOW! WHAT A GREAT EXHIBITION! THOSE ACTORS MUST COST A FORTUNE TO HIRE, NOT TO MENTION THE MAKE UP!

PETER, THEY'RE NOT ACTORS, THEY'RE GHOSTS!





THE INDIANS APPEAR TO BE ECTO-  
APPARITIONS, RAY: THEY'VE BEEN  
RELEASED FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION  
BY AN ARTIFACT IN THE  
EXHIBITION!

IT MUST  
BE THE  
TOTEM  
POLE!



SO WHAT DO WE DO,  
EGON: THERE'S TOO  
MANY INDIANS TO  
ZAP AND TRAP! I  
SUPPOSE WE COULD  
GO AND HAVE A  
POW WOW!

WOOOOO  
WOOOOO



UH-OH

LOOPI ARROWS,  
THIS FAR  
NORTH?



WHITE MAN IN HEAP  
BIG SERIOUS TROUBLE!  
YOU COME, OR WE  
TAKE SCALP!

YES CRAZY MY  
NAME - CRAZY  
DONKEY! HE LOOPI  
BRAVE. NOW  
COME!

YOU  
MUST BE  
CRAZY!

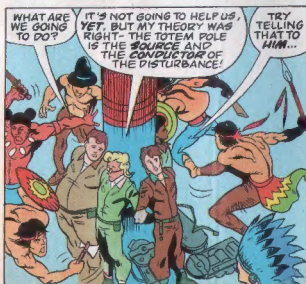
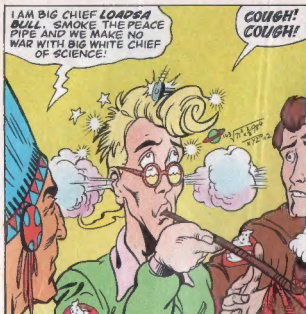


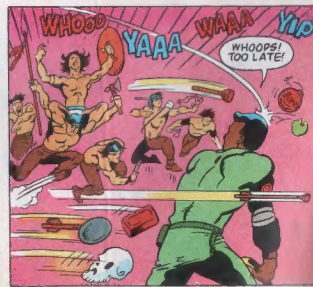
INSIDE THE WIGWAM...

I CAN'T BELIEVE WE'RE  
SITTING IN A WIGWAM  
WITH REAL LIVE - I MEAN  
DEAD INDIANS!

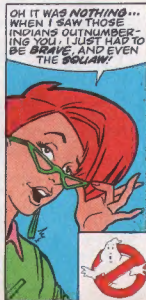
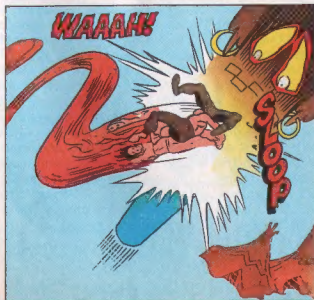
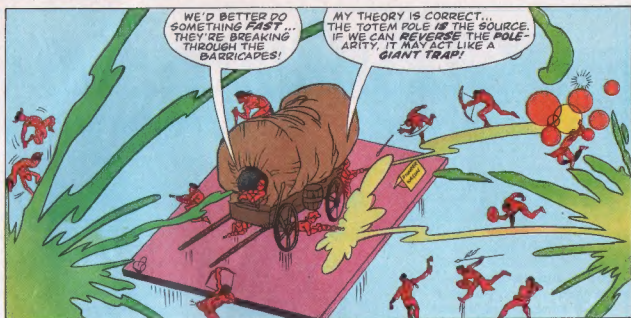
SSHHH! WE DON'T  
WANT TO UPSET THEM.  
WINSTON, LET EGON  
DO THE TALKING!











# SPENGLER'S

## SPIRIT

## GUIDE

In the days before the pioneer wagons of our forefathers rolled across the virgin prairies of North America this great land of ours was, of course, a great land of somebody else's.

The Red Indian natives of our continent had a vast and powerful mythology of Supernatural beings which still lives with us to this day and can often be encountered in modern America. They are the spirits of the bear and the buffalo, the lightning and the mountain, the river and the forest, the beaver and the papoose. The only work of reference ever to be compiled on this subject was written in 1886 by a pioneer, wrangler and all-round dude called Waylon Jericho Chickpea 'Buddy' Brad Seddon Dexter III. Buddy Dexter was a little eccentric in his findings, but here they are for what they're worth.

### DEXTER'S MIDNIGHT BUMMERS

In his 1886 book *Dagnabbit! Them agin'*, Dexter divides the spooks up in his categories very similar to modern identification systems. Here are the main divisions:

*Class one Pesky Varmint-Like Critters* - Dexter says, "Ain't right that critters like these should be allow'd ta walk the good Lord's earth with normal folk like you an' I, pardnur. Yessir, these are but titchy lil' fellahs an'



## PART 74

no mistake, but you watch out there or they'll brand your backside an' spit in your chow before you can sing the first bars of 'The Black Hills of Dakota'."

*Class two Darn-Troublesome Critters* - He writes, "Gee and golly, ma'am and pardon my french there, but these guys are like as welcome as a rainstorm and a plague o' biting ants at the Labour Day picnic.

*Class three Right No-Good Critters* - Dexter goes on "Meet one of these on the way back to the bunk-house and you can dang-near forget getting a good nights sleep. Best thing to do is stare 'em in the eye, keep your powder dry and holler blue murder until

someone comes a-runnin'."

*Class four Cotton-Pickin' Yeller-Bellied Real Pesky Critters*

Waxing as lyrical as before, Dexter continues, "Shoot me down and bury my bones in Boot Hill if these ain't the worst of them yet. Big, mean-looking, creepy critters with teeth that are about as dang sharp as they are pointy. You find one o' these sonuvagun's supping at your beans and corn-bread and I advise you to ride straight on out of town, over the state line an' find you a new territory wherein to sit an' pick your banjo."

*Class five Lord Above Save Us Did You Ever Critters*

(He concludes,) "No doubt in this ol' cowboy's mind that you better circle the wagons real fast when this dude rides over the ridge. 'Bout as much fun as sticking your head in the mouth of a grizzly with a sore foot who just sat on a nest of hornets and bit the head off a rattler by mistake, afore filling in his tax returns all wrong, gettin' chased by the IRS, gettin' a flat on his new Oldsmobile, and learnin' that Grizzly junior had flunked college and run off to be floor sweeper in a burger bar in Abilene. If you know what I mean..."

We surely do, Dex, we surely do...





During the 6th century AD a monk named St. Simeon the Younger spent 43 years perched on top of a stone pillar. Had Simeon had a Curly Wurlie, it may have taken him even longer to chew things over.

# Curly Wurlie

## World Shatteringly Chewy Mind Bogglingly Curly.

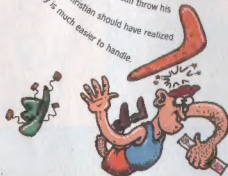


On the 1st August 1979, Chauncey M. Donn reached new heights in ballooning, with an altitude of £3,000.00ft in his open basket. Had Chauncey opened a Curly Wurlie, the chewy toffee might have stretched his record even further.



In 1973, Birger Pellas began to grow the longest moustache in the world. By 1989 it measured an incredibly curly 9m 4 1/2ins. Obviously no one told him that the curly chew in a Curly Wurlie grows on you much quicker.

The record held by Christian Jaker is the distance he can throw his boomerang. In 1986 he reached a wurlie 397ft. Christian should have realized the wurlie-up Chewy Toffee in a Curly Wurlie is much easier to handle.



The title of the world's greatest robber goes to Tommy Greene. On July 6th 1985 he gulped his way through 208 oysters in only 1 min 33 secs. Perhaps someone should have told him that the chewy toffee in a Curly Wurlie is a lot easier to swallow.



A maze of chewy toffee in amazing *Cadbury's* Milk Chocolate.



# 80 FABULOUS REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™ TOYS TO BE WON!



Welcome to another fabulous **Real Ghostbusters™** competition, and guess what we've got to give away Yes! Tonka will be offering bags and bags of hair-raising **Real Ghostbusters™** toys. The first twenty lucky prize winners will receive a fantastically terrifying **Ghost Spooker™**, with which you can spookily distort the sound of your voice to rival the most fiendish ghost or ghoul. They will also receive a horrifying **Green Ghost Gooper Ghost™**. This spooky monster loves to ooze purple **Ecto-Plazm™** from its huge mouth, and goop **The Real Ghostbusters™**. Then, last but not least, they will receive a ghostly **Brain Blaster™** each. This little horror blows his mind into four different spooky pieces when you push him across the floor. Wow!

There will also be twenty lucky runners-up prizes of a **Brain Blaster™**

What fantastic prizes they are too, and all you have to do is answer some simple questions. The questions are:

- 1) What is Peter's favourite Heavy Metal band?
- 2) Whose Spirit Guide did Egon grow up reading?
- 3) Which Ghostbuster looks after ECTO-1?
- 4) Which Ghostbuster keeps a diary?
- 5) Which of these is *not* a Real Ghostbuster toy?
  - a) Ghost Popper
  - b) Ghost Bopper
  - c) Ghost Zapper
  - d) Ghost Spooker

**HOW TO ENTER:** Simply jot down the answers to the five questions on a postcard, or the back of a sealed envelope. Then put your name, address and age at the bottom and post your entry to: **TONKA TOYS REAL GHOSTBUSTERS COMPETITION, MARVEL COMICS LTD, 13/15 ARUNDEL STREET, LONDON WC2R 3DX.**

Entries should arrive no later than 24th November 1989.

**RULES:** The competition is open to all readers in Great Britain other than employees and their families of Marvel Comics Ltd., and Tonka (UK) Ltd. The Editor's decision in all matters relating to the competition is final and no correspondence will be entered into. Winners will be notified in due course.

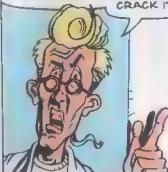
# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

## REST IN PIECES

YOU KNOW, OF ALL THE MONSTERS I'VE ENCOUNTERED IN MY TIME IN THIS BUSINESS, NONE COMPARED TO THE GREATEST ABOMINATION OF ALL TIME--THE BEAST THEY CALLED WHTHULULOS MYTHROS...



GREAT MEN, SCIENTISTS, VISIONARIES, WIZARDS, GAVE THEIR LIVES SO THAT THIS FOUL CREATURE WOULD BE BANISHED TO A PRISON FROM WHICH IT COULD NEVER RETURN. IT REMAINS THERE TO THIS DAY, HELD CAPTIVE BY A SPELL SO ARCAINE AND OBSCURE EVEN I CAN'T CRACK IT...



MEANWHILE...

GEORGE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

A JIGSAW. I CAN'T SLEEP, MAYBE THIS'LL WIPE ME OUT...

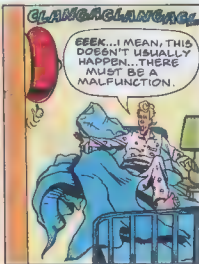


YES, IT'S THE MOST AWFUL AND TERRIFYING BEAST KNOWN TO MAN. HOW DID IT END UP IN A JIGSAW? UNLESS ITS PRISON IS... NO, COULDN'T BE, COULD IT?

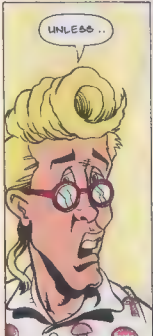


GLANGAGLANGAGL

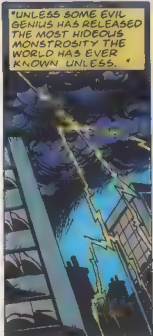
EEK... I MEAN, THIS DOESN'T USUALLY HAPPEN... THERE MUST BE A MALFUNCTION.



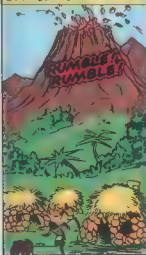
UNLESS...



"UNLESS SOME EVIL GENIUS HAS RELEASED THE MOST HIDEOUS MONSTROSITY THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN. UNLESS."



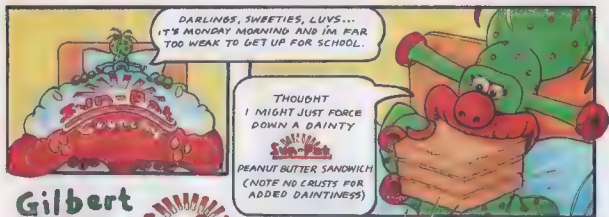
"UNLESS THE GHOST-BUSTERS CAN SUMMON UP ENOUGH RESISTANCE AND ALERT THE WORLD, WE WILL BE PLUNGED INTO ETERNAL DARKNESS AND ENDLESS SUFFERING."



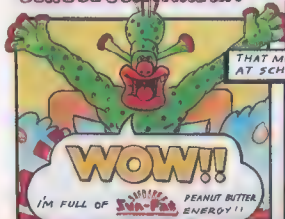
I CAN'T WAIT TO FINISH THIS, I FEEL LIKE I'M GOING TO SLEEP FOREVER







## Gilbert & THE FREE **Sun-Pat** SCHOOL SURVIVAL KIT



### Offer Conditions

Closing date for the receipt of applications is 28th February, 1990. This offer is restricted to one application per person and is open to UK residents only while stocks last. Please allow at least 28 days for delivery from receipt of your application. We cannot accept bulk applications from the trade or from any consumer groups or any third party applications.

Please note that only one starter token may be used with each application

Promoter:  
Rowntree Sun-Pat Limited,  
Hadfield, Hyde, Cheshire  
SK14 7BP

**Starter Token**



### Application Form

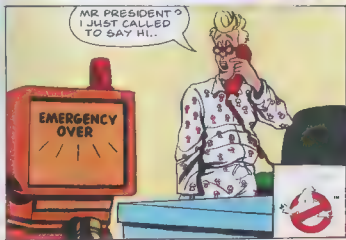
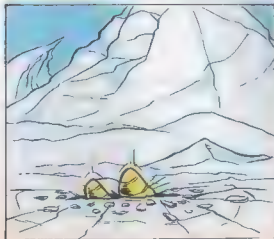
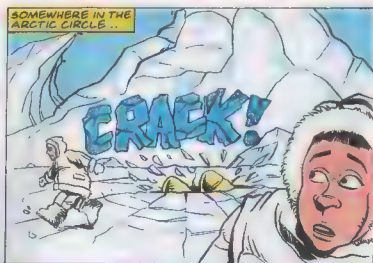
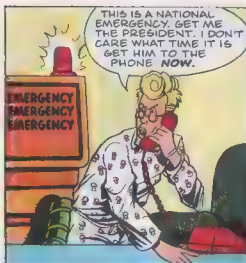
Just fill in and cut out this form which includes one starter token (equivalent to one 'Sun-Pat' label), and send it together with 2 x 12oz or 3 x 8oz labels from Sun-Pat Peanut Butter jars before 28.2.90 to: 'Sun Pat' Peanut Butter Survival Kit Offer, PO Box 123, Uckfield, East Sussex TN22 5UX.

Name

Address

Town  County

Post Code



# KICKING UP A STINK!



Story **DAN ABNETT** Art **ANTHONY WILLIAMS** and **DAVE HARWOOD** and **ROBIN BOUTTELL**



**It's big! It's white! It's stirring and it's in the sewers! It's coming to exact revenge on the oblivious team of Real Ghostbusters that defeated him the last time . . .**

One cold Tuesday, towards the end of the year, deep in the labyrinthine tunnels that form New York's underground sewer system, down there in the dark . . . something began to stir. In the stillness of a black subterranean pool, something was slowly taking shape, forming, growing in size and strength, reaching out clumsy, massive paws that seemed to be made of white sponge, reaching out . . . rising.

If anyone had been around to see, they would have realised the awful truth. Mr Stay-Puft, the Marshmallow Man, was back!



Winston, perched at the top of a six metre step ladder, swigged down the last of the cherry crush in his can, squashed the can into a ball with his fist, looped his hand behind his back and threw the tin lump straight into the waste basket that was behind the desk on the far side of the room.

Winston was remarkably pleased with himself for this deft feat. He wanted to call out to Egon, who was working at the foot of the steps and ask 'Did you see that, man?' But he knew that a) Egon hadn't, and b) Egon wouldn't be impressed by it in the slightest.

Instead, he called out "How much longer do I have to sit up here?" Egon stopped tinkering with the feed flow mechanism on the Containment coolant system and looked up. "This really is most important, Winston. I would appreciate you remaining patient a little longer. Once I've completed the calibrations on the coolant system, I need you to open the dump valve and we can flush the whole system out, thus completing the annual

overhaul on the containment unit. And I need not remind you that I could do it all myself if it weren't for the split second timing needed to throw the valves, and even I can't be in two places at the same time."

Winston sighed. It had been a long morning so far. And it was *going* to be a long morning . . .



His anger was every bit the sort of anger that a slighted and defeated arch-demon should have. Mr Stay-Puft practiced snarling and roaring a bit, and, as satisfying echoes blasted back down the sewer pipe towards him, he shifted his great bulk forward. He would crawl to the surface, out into the light where the puny humans lived, and then he would find the four Ghostbusters who had defeated him in the past. Then he would destroy them!



"Winston . . ." said Egon.

Winston snapped awake out of his daydream and nearly fell off the top of the steps. "Are we ready? Now?" he asked.

"No," replied Egon. "Could you just pass me a number three ratchet molecule spanner? Thanks."

Winston sighed again and passed the tool down.

"It will be soon now," added Egon reassuringly, aware that Winston was reaching the end of his tether. "I just have to strip these filaments down and re-core the function spindle. Ten minutes or so."

Winston smiled sadly. "Okay, man, just get it over with . . ."



Mr Stay Puft plunged on through the dark tunnels, every moment getting closer and closer to the surface. Soon he would be there! Soon victory would be his! Revenge would be so sweet! Just round this corner . . . Mr Stay-Puft rounded the corner and another tunnel stretched off into the dark. Must have taken a wrong turn, thought Stay-Puft to himself. Never mind though, nearly there . . .



"You know," said Winston, more to himself than to anyone else, "I've wasted some time in my life before. I've dallied around, mucked about, been a little lazy once in a while. But never have I spent four hours at the top of a ladder waiting to heave on a spanner. This must be the most unproductive morning in my entire life. We could be busting ghosts and being heroes, but I'm doing nothing. I'm wasting my time! I'm not achieving the slightest thing! It's soul-destroying! It's driving me mad! It's taking away all the purpose in my life!"

"Pardon?" asked Egon absent-mindedly . . .



This, thought Mr Stay-Puft in a pretty demonically foul mood, is really getting me down! I've followed the storm sluices eastwards and gone through the standing reservoirs and the major cisterns. I should be near the surface! I should be at the HQ of the accursed Ghostbusters! And where am I? I haven't a clue where this drain pipe is. All I know is that if it gets any narrower, I'll be stuck . . .



"Now," said Egon.

"Whu-?" murmured Winston.

"Now! Throw the valve now!"

Jerking awake, Winston hefted on the spanner and the valve in the big coolant pipe gurgled open.

"Aho no!" cried Egon, "It's all overflowing! The valve stopped has perished . . ."

Egon didn't get a chance to say much more as gallons of foul-smelling coolant water drenched both him and Winston and swirled about the floor of the chamber, gurgling out through the floor drains. "Why does it smell so bad?" asked Winston, pulling a really pained face.

"The coolant is proton rich to counteract the effects of stored ectoplasm. It's like a mild liquid form of our proton streams. And I have no idea why it smells bad."



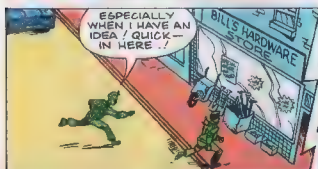
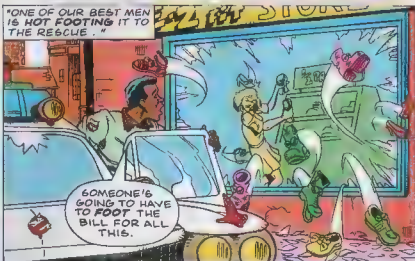
Now . . . thought Mr Stay-Puft . . . the light ahead is coming through the man-hole cover outside the Ghostbusters HQ. I'll just burst up and that will be that for those human fools. Hang on, what's that smell . . .?

A moment later several dozen gallons of proton rich coolant water flooded into Mr Stay Puft and reduced him to his component ectoplasmic atoms. 'Drat' remarked several tiny pieces of him as he was swept off away down the tunnel and back to square one.

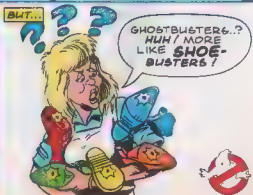
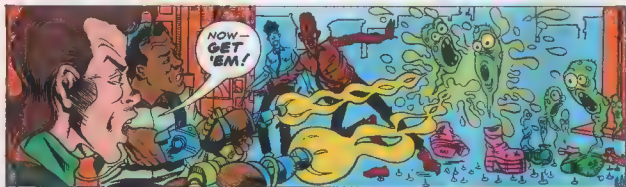
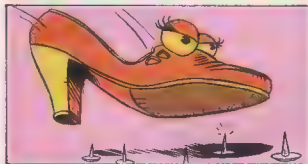


"I mean it, man," said Winston to Egon as they mopped out the last of the foul stuff. "This is the worst morning I've ever spent. We have achieved nothing . . . absolutely nothing . . . what a waste of time . . ."

# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™







# DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and  
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!

Dare you read on?



Once upon a time an old doom-laden prison stood on the corner of Short and Hampson Streets in New Orleans in the U.S.A.

The dreary two-storey building, which had been built in the middle of the last century, contained a horrible history of pain and violence with its walls. Before the building was demolished in 1937, many acts of torture and depravity had taken place, not to mention the executions which were carried out with terrifying regularity in the prison's courtyard.

Perhaps the most terrifying crimes of all however, were not committed by the inmates themselves ... but ... by inmates of another kind ... namely the tortured and trapped souls of previous criminals who had

met their final end in the bleakness of the dingy prison!

One such case was that of the ghost of a murderer who had a liking for throwing heavy objects about in a most gratuitous manner. Strangely, his presence was always heralded by the pungent smell of cigar smoke. At one point the spirit was so angry that it half-strangled a sergeant who was on night-duty, leaving a repulsive necklace of bruises around his neck!

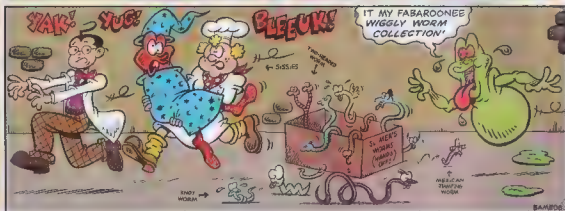
Another malevolent spirit smashed mirrors, basins and even knocked down the living. Apparently his final promise before being hanged for his crimes was that he would come back and 'mash everyone to pulp'. Some people have no manners!

Anyway, the worst case of all had to be that of

cell number three, where the horrors were so severe that no prisoner was capable of staying there without going completely mad and looking as if they had barely survived a near-fatal beating. One prisoner described what he had seen there one night. He said that gurgling, giggling ghosts had oozed through the bars in thick globules and had physically tormented him by scratching, clawing, kicking, beating and dragging him around the cell like a piece of limp cloth!

Cell number three did, in fact, hold a terrible secret. Several years earlier three evil prisoners had had an argument which ended in a murderous brawl, leaving two of them dead and a third dying! *The horror of it!*





# SLIME TIME!

*Slime wants your jokes! Send 'em to: SLIME TIME Marvel Comics Ltd 13/15 Arundel Street London WC2*



How does a ghost pass through doors?  
*With a skeleton key!*

What did one angry skeleton say to the other?  
*I've got a bone to pick with you!*  
— Andrew Aldrich, Bristol

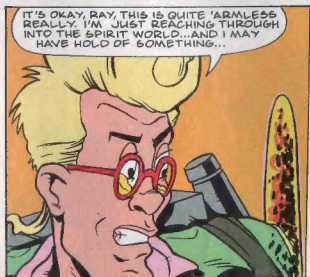
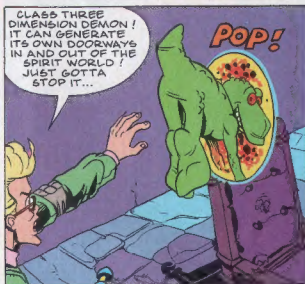
How do you know when someone has a glass eye?  
*It comes out in the conversation!*  
— Peter Stanford, Newbury

What's yellow, wiggly and dangerous?  
*A maggot with a hand-grenade!*  
— Paul Driver, Leeds

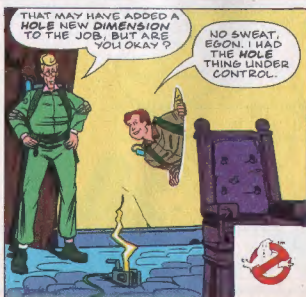
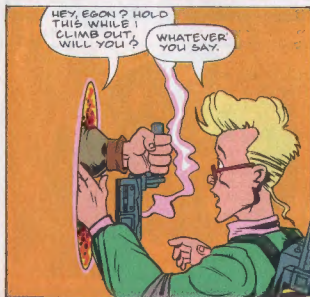
Why did the punk cross the road?  
*Because he was safety-pinned to the chicken!*

Why did the potato cross the road?  
*To catch its jacket!*  
— Susan Gorman, Belfast

# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™







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## MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST



Titles on sale now

**DOCTOR WHO 155** Here's what's *in* doc! This month's issue features exciting pin-ups from the tv series, competitions, an Ian Hogg interview, the final adventure of **Nemesis Of The Daleks** (which finds the little darlings hellbent on a planet wipe-out), plus life on tour with the Doctor is revealed in **The Ultimate Adventure**.

**THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 74** He's big, he's dangerous, he's fluffy, and he's back! No, it's not Lambo – **Mr Staypuft**, the Marshmallow man returns in a story by Abnett, Williams, Harwood and Bottell. There's also some sinister scalping happening in **Totempole Terror** by Carnell, Marshall and Harwood, plus the chance to win fabulous Tonka toys of the Real Ghostbusters.

**THE INCREDIBLE HULK PRESENTS 5** The Green Goliath hosts another bumper dose of action-packed fun. This week the big H has to box clever when he finds himself up against a Shadow Monster. There's also the latest thrashing episodes of **Doctor Who**, **Action Force**, and **Indiana Jones**. Should keep you busy 'til next week.

**THE PUNISHER 15** The forces of law and order clash head on with the force of the gun, and once again, The Punisher's in the midst of the action. **The Creep** is a story by Baron, Portacio and Williams, and **Monsoon**, by Golden and Beatty, follows lives of the boy's in Vietnam.

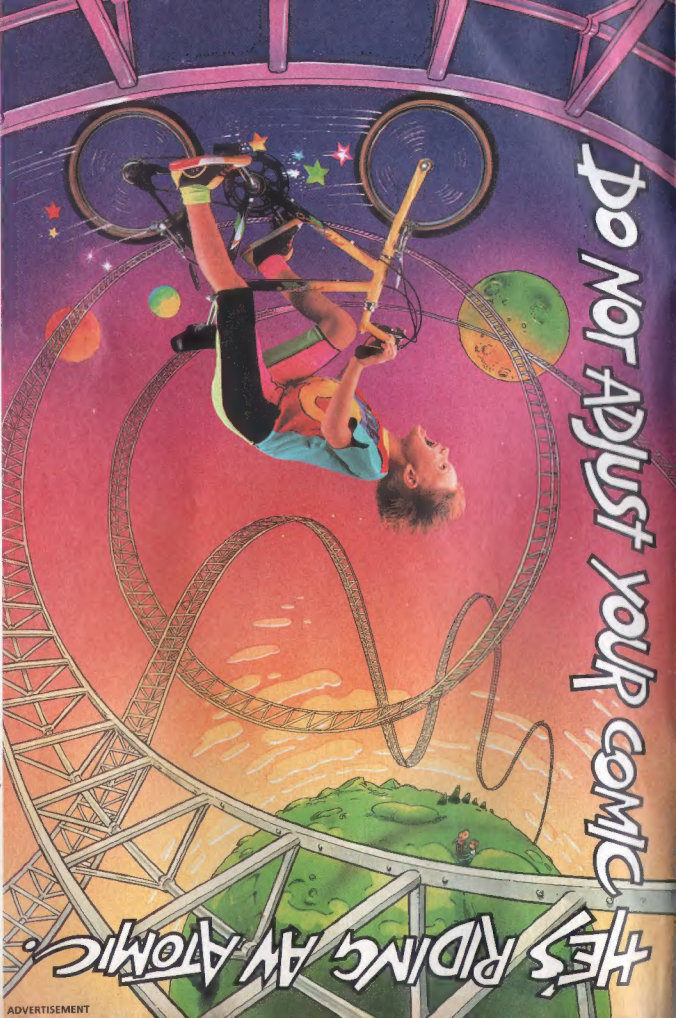
**TRANSFORMERS 243** It's all in the mind this week, or Megatron's at least, in **Mind Games** by Furman and Johnson. The **Resurrection Gambit**, a brand new U.S. story, begins the origin of the Pretender Classics. **Evasion** by Hama and Trimpo finds Outback trapped in Borovia as the security forces close in. All this AND November's Classic Cover Calendar.



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